

"THE WARDS OF THE NATION."

Their Homes and Their Surroundings.

BY FRANK GODFREY.

On a little tongue of land, protruding seaward from beneath the towering inaccessible cliffs that form the northerly coast line of the island of Molokai, midway between the eastern and western points, on this small, irregular, natural peninsula, in its entirety not containing 6,000 acres, is situated the world-known lazaret-house of the Hawaiian archipelago, the dreaded Settlements of Kalawao and of Kalaupapa. Here dwell, on this little peninsula, rock-bound and sea-girt, in guarded seclusion, comfortably cared for in health or sickness, the "Wards of the Nation" of this mid-Pacific paradise. To the general reader there is an undefined feeling of the *greatness* of the "modern" territory, and it is very easy for those to whom the island of Molokai is a *terra incognita*, to assume that the entire island, the fifth in size of the group, containing an area of 200,000 acres, is one vast lazaret hospital. "What?" is questioned, "only a peninsula of 6,000 acres? Containing less than 1,200 inhabitants?" True! That is all! And it is hoped that the gentle reader will not fear unexpected, or undesired, forced contact with, and dreaded contamination from, any of the well-housed, well cared-for, comfortable (even in their forced isolation) people who inhabit this small portion of the great Creator's footstool.

On Friday evening, July 28th, a deputation of the Board of Health, with permitted passengers to see relatives and friends and with members of the newspaper press of the city, left Honolulu in the Inter-Island steamer W. G. Hall, on the half-yearly visit of inspection to the sick people on the island of Molokai who have been yclept the "Wards of the Nation." The mission of mercy was successfully accomplished and the visit, even including the official inspection, was another bright spot in the lives of the unfortunate people doomed to perpetual exile at the settlements of Kalaupapa and Kalawao, where even death fails to annul the edict of banishment, for, unchangeable as the famed laws of the Medes and Persians, the Dantean motto well applies: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Not all hope, however, for as the poet, Pope, has aptly written:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

So, with these poor outcasts at the Settlements, they still have hopes; one, is an ever-fond one, that a day may come when the fateful word "unclean" may not apply; a hope that some vague, undefinable miracle may be performed; that their rock-bound, sea-girt cage, will some day open and a hope of most frequent fruition, that the official visits of the Board of Health will be of often occurrence, giving them, poor creatures, their only look at the great outside world, which they have parted from—forever.

The visit of the Board of Health is always most anxiously looked forward to, because then opportunity, under sanitary restrictions, is given the "Wards of the Nation" to see and speak with dear ones and friends. What a well-remembered occasion! Everything dates from then until the next occurs. The usual routine (the surroundings compel a strict system even in an official visit) for the party of callers, after arrival and having acknowledged the martial music and notes of more joyous nature which the Kalaupapa Band of maimed, disfigured but cheerful players offers, is, to pass up the broad gangway that lands one on the main street and directly in front of the well-kept, well-stocked store of general merchandise and at which the "wards," with money, may supply particular wants. Here, too, is the post-office, from whence is dispatched the unstamped epistolary correspondence to the central distributing point, the central postoffice at Honolulu.

Passing along a turf-laid, grassy roadway, one passes the Catholic church, whose walls once echoed the pater-nosters of the famed "apostle of the unclean," Father J. Damien. Further along is seen the spire of a Protestant church, whose clanging bell bids welcome. To the left is Bere-tania Hall, a large roomy building, semi-library, whose construction was paid for by big-hearted Englishmen; a little farther back is a building bearing the easily definable letters "Y. M. C. A." The guests are led to the spacious verandahs of the "guest" house and from there view may be had, at leisure, of the interest the visit has already created in the "wards." Over the rising ground in the distance, and towards Kalawao, may be seen troops of mounted people, all hastening towards the general gathering-place at Kalaupapa. The bicyclists, and there are many of them, ply their silent steeds hither and thither, ring their bells and speed away on messages of love to some distant sick ones to announce the presence of "a friend." Recognition soon ensues between those within and without the enclosed space and words of cheer and *aloha* are voiced back and forth. The maimed musicians strike up a lively air, probably "There Will Be a Hot Time," or "All Coons Look Alike to Me," or maybe the favorite *hula* air, "Wailuku"; it is sure to be a lively air and up to date; (as Captain Henri Berger of the Government Band keeps the boys supplied, and the stranger-visitor looks on and wonders. However the visitor is only at the "outer door" of the reservation, which holds within its confines much that is beautiful and grand in Nature where only man alone is vile. After a look at the neat cottages, churches and school houses and at the well-kept seaside cemetery, Sheriff "Rex" Hitchcock draws attention to the fact that the wrong-doers or turbulent have places prepared for even them, in the large, well ventilated and enclosed jail buildings. *En passant* it must be said that the "wards" are most law-abiding and, even under punishment, acknowledge that the powers that be, are simply "cruel only to be kind." The "Bishop Home" is now the point of destination. This institution, devoted to the housing and care of girls and helpless women, is the result of one of many philanthropic acts of Hon. Charles R. Bishop (a long-time resident of Hawaii, for several years past of San Francisco) the husband of Princess Pauahi, who endowed the noble institution for Hawaiians, in Honolulu, known as the Kamehameha schools. As one nears the premises they find that the arid grounds are verdure-clad, that honeysuckle vines trail over and about the porches of the buildings, that bananas and papayas are growing and that this Home, peopled by the "unclean," wears no air of desolation or despair. The leader of the expedition and all the visitors meet the cheerful greeting of the Mother Superior, Sister Marianne, who came to Honolulu on this life-long mission of mercy in November 1883, from the Franciscan convent of St. Anthony, Syracuse, N. Y. With Mother Marianne came others and as the Executive Officer of the Board of Health, Mr. Charles B. Reynolds, has often stated, in the presence of the writer "Words cannot express the respect and veneration due these devoted women," who labor ever, "unknown, unhonored and unsung." The establishment contains a Sisters' residence and chapel, fourteen dormitories, a large hall or schoolroom, hospital ward, bath house and about twenty-one outhouses assigned for various objects. The poor inmates are presented and their faces, lit up by smiles, show that kindness is the standard medicine administered. They sing and their voices mingle sweetly and well. Captain Berger gives them a pleasant half hour with piano recital of the latest music, a few words of congratulation from the officials to the good Mother, who simply smiles in recognition, and the visitors leave, their pulses beating higher and a sense of strong belief

that woman, in hours of need and

*"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."*

Onward now the cavalcade moves, toward Kalawao, the other Settlement, distant from Kalaupapa about two and a half miles. The telephone lines along the road shows that its uses are understood. Ride is made past the short, but broad and picturesque valley of Waihanau, (water arise), at the head of which is a broad pool (55 and 72 feet diameter) at the base of a beautiful and high waterfall and which, looks so dark, mysterious and dread, that no native invades its depths and even the heart of a haole (white man) flutters (as the writer and several others proved) before taking the first plunge. On the left of the road, en route, rises the crater of the extinct and subsided volcano of Kahukoo, 493 feet above sea level. The summit of Kahukoo is easily reached and then a look in shows a clear crater down to the very center-hole through which the sea enters and whose depth has, it is stated, never yet been sounded. Close to the roadway at the highest level one passes the reservoirs built by Superintendent Reynolds and in which flows the sparkling, clear, cool water from Waikolu valley, some four miles away. The pipe line from this valley leads by the sea-shore, beneath butting precipices and was regarded as a great undertaking. It was successfully undertaken and accomplished, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Burnette Wilson, in 1887, and hence the comfort and foliage now existing in the (then dry) district of Kalaupapa. Now, the residence of Doctor Richard K. Oliver is passed and few who come in contact with the quiet, retiring, capable resident physician, who has spent many years, steadily, of his life, administering to these sick people would credit him with being the unknown hero, (for it requires a moral as well as physical nerve) which he is. The Kalawao settlement is entered and soon the visitors pass by the old hospital grounds and catch, in the distance, the spires of two churches; one, Father Damien's old church, in the shadow of which, in the annexed churchyard, beneath the shade of the pandanus tree which first sheltered him (in 1873) the noble christian lies at rest. The other church spire indicates the Congregational; a nearer approach will show a square-built structure in which the Mormon worships. Reaching the Catholic church one sees, across the road, a group of bright and cleanly looking buildings with an undeniably scholastic air and here it is that the boys and helpless men of the settlements are daily cleaned, anointed and taught, by a band of devoted Brothers, who follow in the footsteps of one well known in connection with his long time labors in the cause of humanity here, Brother Joseph Dutton, a worthy confrere of the lamented Damien. The Baldwin Home is the title of the institution and it stands as a monument to the kind heart and thoughtful head of Hon. H. P. Baldwin, a "sugar baron" of Maui, who in his affluence remembered the "Wards of the Nation" at Molokai. The buildings are about 50 in number and consist of dormitories, kitchen, study rooms, work-shops, recitation room, offices and outbuildings. Here is heard, on arrival, the strains of sweet music produced by the Kalawao Band, the instruments for which organization were donated by Albert S. Wilcox, (brother of Judge W. Luther Wilcox of Honolulu,) of Kauai. The worst of the "sick" are here seen and, here, in full repulsiveness and horror, appears the outward indications of the dreaded scourge. Yet, in the midst of all the dangers, of this charnel-house of the living, there has quietly lived and labored a band of Franciscan sisters and the gentlemanly, cultured, yet modest, reserved and patient nurse, Joseph Dutton, an American, who, like the Sisters of Mercy, bring honor to the United States, the land from whence they came on their voluntary life-long mission of